

## New York Tribune.

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## Make the Best of a Bad Job.

Announcement of the plans of Mr. Burton Harrison for sailing for Manila suggests a hope that he will at least wait until he reaches the Philippines and has personally studied the situation there before he so much as enunciates a "policy" toward those integral possessions of the United States. He is understood to have said promptly upon the President's appointment of him as Governor General that he stands upon the Democratic platform on that matter. But that means little, since the President himself has warned us that in his view a platform is not a programme.

It should be remembered that our government's policy in the Philippines was established by statesmen of ripe experience and approved knowledge and has been consistently maintained through a considerable period of years, under four administrations, with the hearty support of the American people. Not lightly is it to be abandoned or altered. Certainly it should not be precipitately turned topsy-turvy by a young man with little knowledge or experience. Not thus are the gravest affairs of state, involving national honor and duty and the welfare of millions, to be adjusted.

It was a bad job to appoint Mr. Harrison to be Governor General of the Philippines at the instigation of a Filipino apostle of disorder, oppression and secession. It is a bad job, but it need not necessarily be made as bad as possible. If Mr. Harrison will only practise the same rule of looking before he leaps, the best may yet be made of it.

## Argument Versus Intuition.

Hugo Munsterberg undoubtedly has got himself into a pück of trouble with his declaration that women are unfitted for jury duty because of "mental stubbornness" which renders them incapable of changing their minds after listening to argument. Women take their new-won privileges seriously, and are not likely to submit tamely to any such disqualification by a mere psychological investigator. Indeed, evidences of the coming storm are already appearing. The "forewoman" of a female jury in Chicago declares indignantly that if women are less swayed by "cold argument" than men they have far superior powers of intuition. And the judge who chose this jury of women called it "the most conscientious that ever heard a case in my court," chiefly, apparently, because it debated for two hours "over a case that a jury of men would have tossed off with a laugh in ten minutes."

The issue thus seems to be framed between argument, or appeal to reason, and "intuition." It should furnish as great contributions to human enlightenment as its predecessor anent the priority of the hen or the egg. It should not be construed as an evidence of bias if the fact be recalled that most states have laws requiring juries to render verdicts in accordance with the evidence, not intuition. But then, they're man-made laws.

## Europe's New State.

If, as is reported, Prince William of Wied has been selected for the Albanian throne, Europe may now be reckoned to have a new state. Nearly a year ago, at the very beginning of the Balkan revolution, it was confidently assumed in these columns that one of the results would be the creation of an autonomous Albanian state, and that assumption was confirmed this month, when the great powers definitively agreed to such an act and delimited the new principality.

The coast line of the Albanian state will extend from the mouth of the Doyanna River to Cape Stylos, opposite Corfu, something less than two hundred miles, and the width of the state from east to west will be less than one hundred miles. Within these bounds will be Scutari and the southeastern end of the lake of that name, a part of Lake Ochrida and the town of Koritza, Diakova, Pristina, Dibra and Prespa Lake lie outside and will go to Serbia, while Greece will get Kastoria. A considerable region at the south is to be divided between Albania and Greece on ethnographic lines by an international commission. The new state will contain approximately 840,000 inhabitants.

Austria and Italy have been, of course, seeking the appointment of some princeling who would be subservient to them and would make Albania an Austro-Italian province. That, however, was Russia's scheme when Bulgaria was made autonomous, in 1878, and it did not work. There may be a like disappointment in the case of Albania; particularly if this Prince of Wied is chosen.

## Tunnelling the English Channel.

A new feature has been added to the project for a tunnel under the Straits of Dover. It is now proposed to have two tubes, one for the use of automobiles. As might be expected, the plan meets with great favor in France, where the automobile had its origin and where many of the most famous designers live.

Almost the only objection ever offered to such a work has been of a military nature and comes from England. The chance of the invasion of the latter country by a hostile army from the Continent would apparently be increased by opening a submarine highway. Self-defence is an essential, while the automobile is to some extent, if not exclusively, a luxury.

Still, the argument against a tunnel may possibly be met. If the advocates should show the British government how to meet the danger they might carry the day. A dozen different methods can be imagined. One is mining the English end and putting an immense charge of nitroglycerine or other explosive where it would do the most harm in an emergency. The owners and makers of motor cars together are a powerful interest. What is more,

they have done much good by promoting the building of fine roads as well as by furnishing an attractive, though costly, vehicle. If they should show how to make that tunnel really safe a fresh public service might be rendered.

## Still in the Shadow of the Poorhouse.

What has become of that patriotic association recently organized in Texas to prevent the impoverishment of Secretaries of State and other federal officeholders whose salaries are not equal to the daily cost of meat, drink and lodging, plus "overhead charges"? It was reported a month ago that the great hearted Democrats of Texas were going to raise a fund of \$50,000 for the relief of the most conspicuous national statesman now vainly trying to keep his head above water on a compensation of \$1,000 a month.

If the Texans had made good with their promise of succor, \$12,500 additional would have been assured to Mr. Bryan for each year of his present term and he would not be obliged to face the harrowing prospect of having to impair the snug capital which he has laid aside for sustenance in the declining years of life. Yet dispatches from Washington indicate that the Texan First Aids to the Indigent made a promise to the ear and then broke it to the hope. It is announced that Mr. Bryan is taking another "vacation," which he is to devote to chasing the wolf from the door by lecturing at various rural points in Pennsylvania and Maryland.

"Mr. Confidential Agent" Lind is lingering at Vera Cruz, but getting him back home or back to Mexico City must wait while the call of gate receipts on the Chautauqua circuit is being answered. According to Mr. Bryan's view, he that provideth not for his own fixed charges is no better than an infidel. If Texas will not amortize those charges, Nebraska, which contributed Mr. Bryan to the federal service, should take them over. Why is a hurry call not issued for an extra session of the Nebraska Legislature?

## Education for Policemen.

A teacher in St. Francis Xavier College had his pocket picked of \$1,000. He told his story to a patrolman, who, he says, jeered at him. He told it to the captain in charge of the precinct, who advised him to go home, think it over and then return if he still believed he had been robbed. When he insisted, detectives caught the thieves and got the money, along with a confession.

"It's a thing, almost impossible, task to make a policeman believe you have been robbed," declares this victim. "I should hate to have to teach a class of them."

Yet his services might be especially valuable in that capacity. Commissioner Waldo is making elaborate plans for the instruction of the five hundred recruits whom he is about to appoint. It might be pertinent if they learned early that lawbreaking exists and the first thing to do to aid the public is to listen to the stories of the victims with some degree of care.

## The Battle of Lossiemouth.

The ladies of Lossiemouth deserve a triple scolding for their vivacious pranks with Mr. Asquith. First, because Mr. Asquith is a man, and an elderly man at that, and therefore is entitled to chivalrous regard.

Second, because even if he is a combination of Ananias and Dick Turpin, he is, after all, Prime Minister of England, and therefore is a Right Honorable man.

Third, because there was serious danger of marring the turf of the Lossiemouth links, to the great distress and anguish of Colonel Bogie.

These observations apply to the two ladies whose names were not revealed. As for Miss Violet Asquith, we nominate her for generalissima of the ants.

## The Amphibian Brown.

The pictures of Commodore Alfred Brown, of the Flushing Bay division of the American Life Saving Society, do not show any pronounced and unusual development of the lower jaw. Yet bulldog persistence must be a strong factor in the make-up of the man who, having failed three times to swim from the Battery to Sandy Hook, achieved victory over all rivals and accomplished it on the fourth attempt after overcoming greater difficulties than had beset him before. It is a feat to be proud of. It beset rank in the annals of long distance swimming with Captain Webb's swim across the English Channel.

The practical value of being able to swim twenty-two miles instead of ten may not be readily apparent to the chair-warmers of the country. Red-blooded followers of athletics of any brand will take satisfaction in Brown's achievement, though. And there is an inspiration in the thought that a human being can overcome nature's forces by the strength and vigor of his own body, as well as by aeroplanes and submarines, which must appeal to all.

## The Army-Navy Football Crisis.

The annual Army-Navy football game ought not to be allowed to fall through merely because the athletic committees of the two institutions have not been able to agree on a place to play it. It looks as if the Army committee was at fault in breaking off negotiations and arranging to close the season with a match with the Carlisle Indians. The Army does not want to play again on Franklin Field, in Philadelphia, the meeting place for many years past. The Navy wants to stick to that convenient neutral ground, equally accessible from Annapolis and West Point, and has held out against the Army's demand for a change to some other city.

Athletic committee diplomacy is very tenacious, and a rupture between Annapolis and West Point would only parallel the many severances of friendly relations in sport which have followed similar squabbles between our leading universities. Whatever the merit of West Point's grievance against Franklin Field, because of the limited number of seats available there, it furnished no sufficient basis for a sudden ultimatum. Agreements to play games should be negotiated several seasons ahead, and if the Army wanted to play elsewhere than Philadelphia it should have insisted on having its preference considered some time ago. The burden of proof is always on the contestant who wants to alter the status quo.

Washington dispatches say that the heads of the War and Navy departments will try to restore harmony between the committees. The game set for next November should be played in spite of any trivial controversies now raging over the choice of a battlefield.

Governor Eugene N. Foss says that he is going to run for re-election this year as an independent. There are few designations on the ballot save from Mr. Foss's acquisitiveness. He seems to aspire to

be the William Randolph Hearst of Massachusetts politics.

Ninety-two cocaine traffickers have now been arrested as a result of The Tribune's campaign against drug vice. That's a cheerful record for three months' work.

There are a good many anti-Tammanyites hereabouts who are against Tammany only from the middle of November until the middle of August.

Mayor Gaynor is wise in not peeping prematurely. His candidacy has so far eluded the attention of the Society for the Suppression of Needless Noises.

The "House of Governors" seems to be degenerating into an innocuous vacation side-show.

The Hon. Aaron J. Levy is not only a constitutionalist who soars naturally into the blue empyrean, but as a collector from clients of all that the traffic will bear he is no mean competitor for the altitude record.

## AS I WAS SAYING

Heavens to Betsy, what fun they had at Sherbrooke! "Hooray for the British flag! Hooray for Harry Thaw!" shrieked men and women, standing on chairs and waving handkerchiefs, parasols and hats.

It was an inspiring occasion. Thaw "bowed three times, like a stage star taking a curtain call. His cheeks were flushed, his big brown eyes shone, but he maintained his composure." Why not? Hadn't he foreseen it?

We had. So had every "true sport" with "red corpuscles in his blood." Hooray for Harry and his pluck, and the fine, frisky run he has given us! Murderer? Libertine? Lunatic? Oh, chuck it! Here's hoping he wins.

Which exalted sentiment is nuts to the Muse of History. When it is all over—the thrill and the uplift and the glory—and the old girl buckles down again to her chapter on "The Recall of Judges; Let the People Rule," what copy it will make!

For she builds her jokes methodically. Same process always—putting two and two together. And, by George! it must be a sacred screamer she is constructing now. We pity the judges.

Their bench was a rickety enough roost before, but this vindication of the recall in the courtroom at Sherbrooke has flogged it all out of kilter. At last we see clearly what it is that ails judges.

They know heaps about law. They have an aching horror of injustice. They keep cool. They have nailed their hair on, and their shirts likewise. Granted. But are they "sports"?

Prison reform is getting on. We have been talking with Mr. Waldo Lawson Sullivan, of Boston, and he made us understand by a gesture that the Bostonians have crowned their state prison with a silver dome and painted that of their jail a bewitching green.

Excellent! Isn't the prison problem fundamentally an affair of domes? Having treated the exterior of those outside, it only remains to treat the interior of those inside.

The East River, about to die, salutes you. We see by the papers that a distinguished engineer, clothed and in his right mind, is planning to abolish it. But, brethren, our prayer is that it will not be done hastily. Think of the blow to the bridge jumpers, the embarrassment to the bridges and the hardship to Brooklyn. Especially this last! No East River, no East River ferries; no East River ferries, no delay; without delay, what possible incentive to live in Brooklyn?

Besides, consider Miss May Irwin. Not lightly should we spoil her favorite ditty:

"I sat alone in the B-O-A-T,  
Singing just like a frog;  
There's no place like home-ome,  
But I couldn't get home in the fog."

Picture in "Punch." Militia at manoeuvres. Butterfly seen aviating across the field. Excited figure, cap in air, enlivening the foreground with enthusiastic jumps. Beneath the picture this:

Sergeant—"Here! What the deuce are you at! Lie down; you'll give the whole badly away."

Entomologist Private—"Hang it, man, I must have it! It's awfully rare—a Dotted Iddyptemiteus."

This teaches us what an abominable vice entomology is. But do you realize the awful thing it leads to? Paraphrasing.

It says in "The Birmingham Daily Post": "A great pearl robbery at Narragansett Pier is now exciting American society. The victim of America's ablest detectives is Mrs. Charles Rumsey." So no wonder the English are afraid to risk their exhibits at our Exposition!

A prominent sleeper, we resent the ugly rumor that sleep can be overcome. It is true, of course, that by sleeping only two hours a night Professor Paul Haupt has mastered Hebrew, Arabic, Aramaic, Sanskrit and many other unnecessary noises, yet we do not envy Professor Paul Haupt. Give us Nansen. He and trusty Johannsen passed an ideal winter. Slept twenty hours out of every twenty-four.

This explains the lure of the frozen North. A fidgetsome, discontented race, explorers crave a life of excitement.

And speaking of sleep, how we pity those Jersey convicts! Think of camping in Jersey! We have tried it.

Huge sport, though brutal, was predicted. Whenever one lighted on the net and bored through at us we were to grab his bill and hang on. His struggles would become a source of hilarious merriment. But why did no one tell us it was useless to attempt keeping hold with only one hand?

Hearing that the Department of Agriculture's new films illustrate the marvels of bee culture, we look for gratifying results. Surely the warning will not go unheeded. Quick to learn, the public will realize that this is not the only form of culture that results, all too promptly, in an amplified head.

## HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

From The Cleveland Leader.  
If Dr. Cook's wreath of roses hasn't faded by this time he will be doing only the right thing by sending it to Colonel Mulhall.

## AND LOTS OF WHITEWASH.

From The Philadelphia Press.  
It is no surprise to learn that Americans are the greatest consumers of sugar in the world; we use a great deal of it in our politics.

## AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING.

From The Philadelphia Ledger.  
All the diggers who are upturning cities thousands of years old report finding records of complaints of the higher cost of living. It began with the beginning and will continue to the end.

## NO END TO THEM.

From The Boston Transcript.  
The death of the last of the John Brown captors having been followed by the passing of the last of the Lincoln body guard, it's hard to tell whether the next turn belongs to the last of George Washington's slaves or the last of the Trenton girls who kissed Lafayette.

## IT STAINS ALL IT TOUCHES.



## THE PEOPLE'S COLUMN

An Open Forum for Public Debate.

## TRUST THE FUSIONISTS.

Reader Thinks Candidates Should Take All Indorsements They Get.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I am unable to fathom the mysterious workings of the minds of those fusionists who pray that the fusion cause shall succeed and yet advise a course that would defeat its candidates. If fusion has any cause distinct from any other, it is that the administration of the city government should subserve the public, and not partisan, ends. It should be business and not politics. On this platform Messrs. Mitchell, Prendergast and McAneny were nominated. Can't they be trusted to carry out this pledge? If so, why should they not accept any indorsement and help they can get? On the same ground, there is no reason why District Attorney Whitman should not accept the Democratic party's indorsement, also the Democratic organization, the Prohibitionists and any others offered him. How would the defeat of any of these men help the fusion cause? If elected, would they not be true to their records and to themselves? Why doubt their integrity? There are other anti-Tammany bodies in the field, with candidates besides those named by the Hapgood committee. This committee has succeeded in creating confusion, and not harmony. This experiment should never be repeated. It usurped the power and authority of parties and organizations to name candidates for them without even a "thank you." One thing more, to my mind, has been settled by this effort at fusion, and that is that a mere anti-Tammany cry is not a cause or a winning issue. Under present conditions Tammany Hall, so called, is the local Democratic organization (in Manhattan Borough and elsewhere), and the anti-Tammany cry is misleading. Suppose Judge McCall is elected Mayor, does anybody believe that he would not be true in completing the transit system—subways, "L" roads and all—as now projected? No administration is likely to increase the burden of taxation, and no man can monopolize the economy issue. The condition of the city treasury will make this a leading issue. JOHN L. MITCHELL.

## AGAINST BRYAN'S SECRECY

Government's Course in Japanese Land Cases Piffle, Says Reader.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: A Washington news item, 25th inst., says: "Secretary Bryan and Ambassador Chincha agreed to continue their understanding of making public nothing contained in the diplomatic exchanges on the question," and adds that the latest note from Japan on the California law precluding aliens from perpetuities in real estate "is couched in a vein to carry negotiations along and preserve the issue without making any determination of the contents of either government."

To preserve such an issue is to piffle. To thus determine nothing of an international question, the prime merits of which clearly rest in the fundamental right that every nation has to preclude alien ownership of realty and likewise to preclude every degree of alien domination whatsoever, is a kind of jack-leg diplomacy that is not only no diplomacy at all, but is infinitely worse than none, for it practically aids, directly aids, to support an "issue" which nobody and no nation has a shadow of right in coming and international law to make or even pretend to make; and it is in this instance pre-termined by fault by reason of the secrecy with which its governmental consideration is being carried on.

The United States Secretary of State has no more right to do this kind of thing than he has to do it in this kind of way, which, being plainly opposed, effectively opposed, to rightly American frank public

## consideration, is thereby left to possibly mature into a precedent that may eventually prove more or less and perhaps indeed wholly destructive of our governmental right to exclude aliens in the near future, when they will undoubtedly seek to swarm upon the Pacific states.

ALFRED LAURENS BRENNAN.  
New York, Aug. 27, 1913.

## NON-ENGLISH BOOKS FREE.

Present Tariff Puts No Duty on Prints in Foreign Languages.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In to-day's issue of The New York Tribune, under the heading of "Object to Duty on Books," etc., you print an article relating to the proposed American tariff on German books. Appended to this article is a remark which indicates either ignorance of the Payne tariff of 1900 on the part of the one that wrote this remark or wilful misinformation of your readers. The tariff law of August 5, 1909, includes in the free list "books and pamphlets printed chiefly in languages other than English." This is very plain. I hope that you will correct the erroneous statement above referred to.

CARL H. LIPS, Ph. D.  
New York, Aug. 28, 1913.

[The article, as this correspondent suspects, was an error.]

## THE EVILS OF GAYNOR

A "Ragbag" Story Full of "Vice and Crime."

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Before Gaynor was elected Mayor an Italian organ grinder forgot himself one Sunday morning, went on the street playing the organ, and was arrested and fined \$2. Under Gaynor we have not only an organ but a merry-go-round on a wagon every Sunday afternoon on the streets here, evidently by his permission, because a policeman yesterday was within half a block of it, but made no move to stop it. The newly enacted delicatessen stores law, which includes surely the grocery stores, as they all keep delicatessen, works like a charm. They must close up now at 11 a. m. and can then open again at 4 p. m. and close again at 8 p. m. They save all that bother by keeping open from 5 a. m. until they are ready to close at their own time—11 p. m. and later.

The butcher shops are wide open all day, although the law says they must be closed all day Sunday. A committee of Jewish butchers called on Governor Morton before he signed the law requesting him to exempt them from closing up, and he told them no class legislation here; the laws are for all alike. It is claimed the police have orders not to see it, which must be so, as a policeman a few Sundays ago passed two of them, but while doing so looked on the other side, which prevented him from seeing the violation. Not a store of any kind closes, neither Sunday nor Saturday. All by orders of the people's servant, Mayor Gaynor. And this is the same Gaynor who advised a Western justice of the peace not long ago that his duty was to enforce the laws as they are enacted by the people through their legislators. And now we are asked to elect this violator of his official oath to enforce all the laws of the state and the ordinances of the city again. Four years more for him and he will abolish Sunday altogether and establish Saturday as the day of rest.

Our 10,000 policemen are just that many cowards, because they have to be in everlasting fear; whatever they do is wrong, even the little boys say it. If one should cry, "Cheese it, a 'cop'!" the others will say, "Ah, shut up; he dare not do anything. Gaynor won't let them." Let us elect a man as our next Mayor and not a cranky old maid. J. MUELLER.  
New York, Aug. 28, 1913.

## NO SYMPATHY FOR THAW

His Kind Make This Country Known as Murderers' Paradise.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Your correspondent Pehr Ragnerson is an excellent illustration of the reason that this land is becoming notorious as a murderers' paradise. The determined effort of the state to exclude the degenerate Harry Thaw where he cannot prey on the community and continue his career of vice and crime is simply a matter of self-protection, and not of cold blooded revenge. He was indeed fortunate in escaping the usual punishment of homicides, and there is at least room for questioning the verdict which declared that he was irresponsible at the time he took the life of a better man than himself.

If insane at the time of his crime, he is still so. No change has been evinced in his manner nor in the expression of his mental workings to warrant the supposition that he is less of a public menace now than at that time.

Sympathy for Thaw is deadened by the fact that his murder of Stanford White was not an isolated act. At what previous period of his life did he ever show himself a desirable member of society? His whole career was characterized by unlimited self-indulgence, often sinking to bestiality. From early to old, his progress was direct on the road to degradation and moral ruin.

As to his mother, she is, indeed, to be pitied; but she is not without blame in continuing to place the means of indulgence in the hands of her degenerate son, after he had made it perfectly clear that his only use of wealth was to keep himself in dissipation and to act as a corrupting influence in the community.

JAMES F. MORTON, Jr.  
New York, Aug. 28, 1913.

## THE TALK OF THE DAY.

The completion of the great monument commemorating the defeat of Napoleon in Leipzig, Germany, one hundred years ago will be marked by elaborate festivities October 18. The city has voted to expend \$45,000 on street decorations, and the League of German Patriots has added \$25,000 for the same purpose. "The massive monument recalls the Pyramids," writes a correspondent of "The Chicago Daily News." "It is 300 feet high and weighs 500,000 tons. It is decorated with gigantic granite statues of soldiers and allegorical figures. It was built at a cost of \$1,500,000, subscribed in small sums by the people of Germany. The day of the celebration will be the culmination of the observance of the centenary of Prussia's rise against Napoleon."

"I hope," said the terrier, deferentially, "that you are not mad." "I'm not mad," replied the collie, "I'm not mad. I am merely indignant at this custom of calling each summer's silly season 'dog days.'"—Washington Star.

"Something new" in floriculture is described at length in the current issue of "Gartenflora." The article is illustrated with a portrait of the late Leo Tolstoy produced with the growing plants *Sedum carneum* and *Alternanthera parvifolia*. "The gardener-artist," says the article, "whose skill and patience made the plant portrait possible is an Armenian, Reschanyan by name, who is employed at garden work in the city park at Tiflis. Some time ago he produced also plant portraits of Alexander I and Napoleon. The writer wonders whether in time when others have learned the art, it will become fashionable to have the owner's portrait on the lawn of his country estate."

"I'll bet the game goes into extra innings to-day." "What makes you think so?" "My wife informed me before leaving home that she was going to have an early dinner this evening."—Detroit Free Press.